

## **you're just jealous 'cause we're young & in love by agreattimetobealive**

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**Summary:** "Will reaches up and strokes his fingers across her cheek. El pulls away and turns to Mike with charcoal streaked across her skin, and Mike wipes it away before he leans down and hugs Will too. He comes away with a smear of charcoal across his wrist. He doesn't wipe it away." Or: Mike&El&Will in high school, being sweet and in love. Uh, that's it, that's the plot.

## you're just jealous 'cause we're young & in love

*Author's Notes: Reposted from AO3, written earlier this year. Title comes from Soco Amaretto Lime by brand new.*

*It's not explicitly stated, but my feels are: Will's gay, Mike's bi, El's bi, and Will & El love each other in mostly a platonic way but maybe it's a little romantic too, who knows.*

*They're about 16 here, there's some kissing and some mentions of, uh, general teen hormones, but nothing racy.*

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Mike crams his books into his locker in a rush. Half of them start to spill off the top shelf and he groans as he catches them awkwardly and lets them drop into the mess in the bottom of the locker. He'll sort that out later; right now, he's late, and he's supposed to meet El in the library -

"Hey," says a voice behind him, "you're late."

"Sorry," he grins, turning to press an apologetic kiss to the top of El's head. He grew taller this past summer, quite a bit, and the small height difference between the two of them changed into an almost humorous one. He likes it, though. He likes how El has to stand on her tiptoes and reach up to kiss him, and he likes leaning way down to kiss her. It's fun to tease her about too, although the last time he made a 'short' joke, she had used her powers to lift him up to the kitchen ceiling and repeatedly asked "how's the weather up *there*?" until he controlled his laughing enough to yell out his apologies. All that had really taught him was basically, it was better to tease El out in public. With witnesses around.

"Will's in the art room," El tells him now, and his grin grows wider. That's something new, too, that she had started doing this past summer.

It was Mike's own doing, he supposes, because he had told El that at a sleepover at Will's, he woke in the middle of the night and Will was gone. Mike had barely had time to process the empty bed when he found himself having a full-on panic attack, sitting there on Will's

floor in the dark...and then Will came back from the bathroom. He had told El because he had wanted to laugh at himself, for being so completely ridiculous, but El just...just looked at him seriously, and then hugged him, and told him it was okay.

Since then, several times a day, she tells him where Will is.

Not where Will's *supposed* to be, because obviously he knows Will's class schedule just as well as he knows his own, or El's, but where Will *is*. Just little check-ins, and El always seems to know when he needs to hear them.

So anyway. He knows Will's in the art room, because it's Wednesday and Will always stays late, and also because an hour ago, Will had said, "Hey, come meet me in the art room later," but he likes knowing for sure as he takes El's hand and they walk down the hall together.

"How was math today?" He asks her. It's her least favourite, he knows, but Will's been helping her out a lot. He explains things way better than Mike does, and never needs to storm out the door and stand on the porch until he cools down. (It's not that that happens a *lot* to Mike, it's just that imaginary numbers make El *really* mad, and there's only so many times he can explain....anyway. Study sessions go way smoother now that Will joins them.)

"Better than some days," she tells him seriously, and he loves her and wants to kiss the little wrinkle that appears on her forehead when she's displeased.

She's walking too fast for him to do that, though, tugging him along by the hand. It occurs to him that there would have been a time where the thought that she was excited to hang out with Will would have made him jealous, even though a year ago he wouldn't have been entirely sure *who* he was jealous of.

It occurs to him that currently, his life is really, exceptionally awesome.

El tugs him through the art room door so quickly he's not totally sure if she used her powers to open it or not, but he thinks she *did*, and he thinks math class had maybe been a little worse than she was letting

on.

She lets go of his hand once they're inside, and he closes the door quietly behind himself as she wraps her arms around Will, from behind. Will tips his head back and leans into the hug, while still considering the canvas in from of him.

"How was math?" He asks her, so quietly that Mike almost feels like he's intruding.

"Bad," she sighs into his neck, and Will reaches up and strokes his fingers across her cheek. She pulls away and turns to Mike with charcoal streaked across her skin, and Mike wipes it away before he leans down and hugs Will too. He comes away with a smear of charcoal across his wrist. He doesn't wipe it away.

"Sorry guys, I just need a few more minutes with this," Will says, and Mike and El pull up stools while Will turns his attention back to his charcoal artwork.

He feels El intertwine their hands again as he looks over the canvas; Will is drawing the upside down, again, all smudgy black and dark lines. It's spooky but it's cool, and he knows Will's nightmares have mostly stopped, so he doesn't have to worry about it. Will's concentrating, shading some tendrils in the corner, and Mike loves the way his whole body relaxes when he draws, the way his hands move effortlessly, and the way the very tip of his tongue sometimes pokes out between his lips when he's trying to get something *just* right.

Will's doing the tongue thing now, but then his face scrunches up in distraction, and he mutters, "stop that."

Mike looks away from Will's mouth to see El's gotten a little bored, obviously, and she's making bits of charcoal and chalk float above Will's head. A little artist halo.

"Sorry," El says, and Mike doesn't need to look at her to see her grin. Or to tell that she's absolutely *not* sorry. The pieces float back to their places.

"How about...?" El asks, and she tilts her head again and the pottery wheel across the room starts to spin slowly. Her grin turns smug.

Mike feels the tips of his ears grow warm, and Will himself has a blush starting on his cheeks. That had been last week, what El is referring to. She had insisted Will show her the pottery wheel, and things had been going smoothly at first. El had been making the wheel spin, for fun, and Mike had been watching Will's arms wrapped around El, their hands working the clay together. His two favourite people, laughing together. It had been his fault, he supposes, but these things aren't always his fault, he swears. He had simply stepped closer to press a kiss to Will's neck, softly appreciating the moment. And then Will had made a noise, low in his throat, and that had begged *another* kiss, and by that time, El had been twisting in Will's arms, one hand on Will's arm and the other hooked around Mike's belt loop, pulling him closer, and Mike hadn't asked, but he assumed she had eventually forgotten about the pottery wheel.

The had spent about an hour cleaning up the clay.

"No pottery," Will says firmly, cheeks flushed red. He resolutely refocuses on his drawing.

Mike smooths his thumb across El's hand and waits. If he hears the click of the door locking, he'll get up and try his best to distract Will. (He doesn't get to kiss Will quite as often as he seems to kiss El; between their group reluctance to come out to all of Hawkins, and the fact that all of their parents had collectively decided on a really shitty 'bedroom doors stay open' policy...Mike wishes it could be the *same*, all around, that he could kiss El goodbye before class, and then kiss *Will*, but. He can't. They can't. Will constantly reassures them that it's alright, and Mike tries his hardest to make up for it by shoving notes in Will's locker whenever they're kept apart for more than two classes, and they always let Will have first pick of the movie when they have movie date nights in the Wheeler basement - with the door *open*, ugh, of course.)

The door lock doesn't click, though, so apparently El is cool with watching Will draw. Mike supposes he's cool with that too, although if Will takes more than ten minutes, it seems reasonable if he gets fidgety.

He's already feeling fidgety, of course, but that's the natural order of things these days. It's just...El's right there, her hand warm in his. And Will is so *close*, and he wants to run his hands down Will's back, put his lips on Will's neck. The door is closed and *could* be locked and the school is mostly empty, probably, by now, and his brain is helpfully providing him with a numbered list of things he'd like to be doing. (Not that they've done any of the things on the list. Well, just kissing. Lots and lots of kissing, which Mike loves, he's a big fan, and he absolutely doesn't want to be the horned-up asshole who makes his girlfriend or his boyfriend uncomfortable, but. That doesn't stop his mind from suggesting: hey, here's a thing we could be doing! And they're all...really, really *great* sounding things.)

Okay, well, he's one hundred percent feeling fidgety now, so he squeezes El's hand again and is about to suggest Will hurry the fuck up, when he realizes that Will has stopped drawing. Both Will and El are quietly watching him. His ears start to burn.

"What?"

"Whatcha thinking about?" Will asks, amused.

"Nothing!" Mike says quickly. His voice cracks, embarrassingly, and like, he's definitely sure that El can't read minds, but they way Will is looking at him...

Will turns on his stool to fully face them, then hooks his foot around the stool leg. Mike raises his eyebrow as Will pulls the chair towards him, scraping across the floor. Now it's Will's turn to grin smugly, which is fair, it's a pretty smooth move, and as soon as Mike is close enough, he grips the front of Mike's hoody and pulls him in for a kiss.

The stools are uneven and uncomfortable, and Mike is very aware that the door is *not* locked even though Will is kissing him like it is. He should.....he should pull away before they get caught, but his brain is currently saying *nope who cares, climb on Will's lap*. That's a *terrible* idea on unsteady stools, but he's two seconds away from trying it anyway. (What's the worst that could happen? They fall and El laughs. But the best thing that could happen? Well, he could end up on Will's lap, that's what, so like. Where's the problem?)

Will pulls away from him before he does something stupid, which is probably for the best, but keeps his hand fisted in the front of Mike's hoody.

"What are you thinking about *now*?" Will asks, far too smugly for Mike's liking. It's kind of an important part of being a good Dungeon Master, having a good poker face, so he's obviously going to have to work on that. He surges forwards and nips at Will's bottom lip as a response. (Will's eyelashes flutter, just for a second, but that and his sharp inhale and it's enough for Mike to feel pretty damn smug, as well. Fair's fair.)

"Okay," Will clears his throat. "Stop being brats, I wanna show you both something."

"I plead the fifth," El says immediately, a phrase she had learned from Hopper and uses as frequently as she can. It doesn't go over great with her teachers, but Mike swears Hopper loves every single angry phone call he gets.

"I mostly meant Mike, anyway," Will tells her, and she grins.

"Mike's always a brat," she says, and, hey! Hey, Mike does not like *that* shared look at all! Dating your two best friends is incredible, except when they gang up on you. Rude, he thinks, ducking his head to try and hide his grin.

"Uh, well, it's....." Will says, and then he slides a new drawing out from his sketchbook, placing it overtop the upside down picture so they can all see. Mike thinks Will sounds nervous, which is not how Will usually is with his art, but then he sees the sketch and his breath catches in his throat.

"Shit, Will," Mike says, moving closer, and El exclaims "Will!" at the same time, in the same breathless tone.

It's a pencil sketch, of Mike and El curled up together, fast asleep. Just from their shoulders up, but Mike can tell they're on the Wheeler's basement couch.

They're snuggled up tightly together, and they both look relaxed and

content, but it's not even that. It's the fact that Mike knows exactly what night this was, and knows El and Will do too.

They had fallen asleep during a movie marathon, El crashing out first against his chest, and then Will, snoring softly on the couch beside them. Mike had dozed too, briefly, and then woken when El had shifted. Will had shifted too, as they all slept, and was pressed fully up against Mike's side, and he had felt so secure, and so comfortable, that he hadn't bothered to wake either of them. Instead, he had watched Will sleep for a while, unselfconscious about it because El was asleep and Will was asleep. It had been indulgent, and he had been halfway to feeling guilty about it, when El cleared her throat, scaring the shit out of him. He looked down, and she was watching him watch Will. He had flushed a deep red, and El had reached for his hand, tangling their fingers together. And then she had said, "it's okay, Mike."

There really should have probably been more of a discussion, but her face said it all, and most of all she wasn't getting up to leave, and then Will had stirred, and crinkled his eyebrows adorably when he opened his eyes and found both Mike and El looking at him.

"What? 'M I drooling?" He had asked gravelly, rubbing at his face, and El had squeezed Mike's hand again, tight enough to almost hurt.

"It's *okay*, Mike," she had said again, and then Will had tilted his head, looking between the two of them, confused and drowsy, and then Mike had thought, *well, here goes literally everything, Jesus fucking Christ*, and leaned forward, and had kissed Will. He had kissed Will, and had hardly been able to believe he was doing it, especially with El still tucked up against his side.

He had pulled away breathlessly, feeling shell shocked, a similar expression mirrored on Will's face. El shifted herself around, switched the hand she was holding Mike's hand with, and then reached out with her free hand to tangle her fingers with Will's.

"Finally," she had said, softly, as Will had stared at her, shocked. "It's okay," she had repeated for the third time, but this time just for Will, and he had pulled her hand to his lips, and kissed it very gently.



"Thank you," Will had whispered, back at El, and Mike hadn't really understood at the time, but now, looking at the sketch, feeling his heart swell with warmth and love, he thinks he gets it.

That night had been the official beginning of the three of them, together, but they had been drifting closer for a while. Studying together, talking about leaving Hawkins together, listening to El and Will talk about the upside down and all the stuff they've all been through, or just laying on Will's floor, pretending to study while Will sketched. They had separated from the rest of the party, a little bit, and occasionally Mike had felt bad about it, but it was his own inner circle, and they helped each other, and they kept each other safe.

That night, though, had changed things, in the best possible way. That night, he had kissed Will for the first time (and also the second, and the third), and had finally pulled away, smiling so widely his face hurt. They had shifted around on the couch a bit, found the best way to cuddle together, and started up a new movie - only for all of them to fall asleep again. They had woken up in the morning to irate parents, and, regrettably, that brand new open door policy, but obviously, it had all been worth it. It had been, hands down, the best night of Mike's life.

"That was the best night," Will says now, quietly but proudly, as they look over his sketch.

"How did you...Did you take a picture?" El asks, reverently running a finger over the page.

Will laughs. "Uh. No, I uh...stayed up for a while after you guys fell asleep. Watching you. Like a weirdo."

"Our weirdo," El says proudly, and Mike couldn't agree more.

"I was scared to go to sleep, in case it turned out to be a dream, you know?" Will says, and Mike's stomach twists at the thought of Will worrying about them, even if he obviously doesn't anymore. (He doesn't, right? Mike's definitely going to double the amount of notes he leaves in Will's locker. Maybe he'll start leaving them under Will's pillow and shoved in his pockets too, just...to be sure.)

"Anyway," Will pauses awkwardly and rubs at his forehead. "Um. I wanted to give this to you guys - and it's for both of you, so you'll have to share, I dunno - and I wanted to say, um." He pauses again, and Mike reaches out and grabs his hand for support. He's pretty sure El does the same. Will smiles and brushes his hair out of his eyes, and continues on, voice stronger.

"You guys have saved me more than once. Years ago, you always brought me home. And I wanted to say thank you, because a month ago I felt so lost, and you guys did it again. You let me in, and you brought me home, and I've never been as happy as I am with you both. So. Thank you."

Mike stands and pulls Will into a hug, lifting up his one arm so El can duck under it and squeeze herself in too.

"You don't need to *thank* us, you sap," he says into Will's hair. "Where'd all this come from, anyway?"

Will doesn't break the hug, but he *does* reach up and punch Mike's shoulder, once, sharply.

"It's our one month anniversary tomorrow, asshole," Will says, not sounding annoyed even a little bit. "And this sap loves you, for some reason. Both of you."

"I wrote it on your calendar," El's voice comes out muffled, still sandwiched in between them, but she doesn't sound annoyed at him either. "And we love you too, Will."

"Sure do," Mike grins, and smooches the top of Will's head apologetically. "Um, I don't suppose *my* present for the two of you could be the campaign I've been working really hard on?"

"Nope," Will tells him cheerfully, so it sounds like Mike's going to the Hawkins mall alone tonight.

Will gathers up the sketch and his supplies, and grabs his bag, ready to go.

Mike tugs on the back of his shirt before they open the art room door, and pulls him back for one final kiss, away from the school hallways.

He kisses Will properly, one hand in his hair and the other hooked around one of Will's belt loops, and Will melts into him.

"Sorry," he says when he pulls away, "I didn't forget, I just...."

"You forgot," El says knowingly.

"No! I just-"

"Got caught up in planning your new campaign and bugging Nancy and ignoring your homework? Sounds like forgetting to me." Will suggests, and El nods.

"He also forgot to read his calendar," El says smartly, and Mike groans and gently herds his two mouthy, favourite people out the door.

"No, it's great we have such an awesome Dungeon Master," Will tells El, side eyeing Mike as he pushes them along. "Too bad our boyfriend's not so- *hey*."

Will jumps quickly over Mike's outstretched foot and continues walking like nothing happened. Mike rolls his eyes, trying to act annoyed even though it thrills him to hear Will say 'boyfriend'. '*Our* boyfriend' is somehow even better. El grabs his hand again, and they walk down the hallway together, Mike in the middle. He wishes he could hold Will's hand too; that would make it *perfect*, but they're close enough that their arms keep brushing together as they walk, and that's enough for now.

They round a corner and see Lucas, Dustin and Max, hanging around by their lockers. Dustin is yelling, waving his arms around emphatically, while Lucas and Max look amused.

"Ridiculous!" Dustin yells as Mike, El, and Will join the group. "And then there's *this* guy, Mike fuckin' Wheeler-"

"Hey," Mike protests, "what did *I* do?"

"Plead the fifth," El hisses at him. He grins.

"Dustin asked Tracy out, *finally*," Max explains, "and she turned him

down."

"Aww, Dusty," Lucas says, elbowing Dustin in the side, and now Mike understands why there was yelling.

"You guys have each other," Dustin says, waving at Max and Lucas, "and Mike *fucking* Wheeler is dating *two people* so like-"

"Leave me out of this!" Mike protests. Like it's his *fault* he's incredibly lucky.

"When am I gonna find someone to kiss?" Dustin yells.

"Awwww, DUSTY," Lucas simpers again, and then backs away quickly when Dustin holds up a fist.

"Maybe she's in a lab somewhere and we have to go find her," El suggests.

"Yes!" Dustin yells. "Yes, see, *El's* giving helpful advice. The rest of you suck."

"Tracy is kind of a snob anyway, sorry Dust," Will says, shrugging.

"Riiiiiiight," Dustin sighs, throwing his arms up in exasperation. "And I *have* to find someone who I like, who likes me back, *and* who gets along with the whole party. Not helpful, shitheads."

"No," Max says, leaning into Lucas. "Really just El and I have to like her." El nods in confirmation.

"But it'd be better if we all liked her," Lucas interjects. "And if she played D&D, obviously."

Dustin shakes his head. "It's impossible, guys. I'm doomed to be a weird sixth wheel forever."

Max wrinkles her nose, Will laughs.

Dustin turns on him. "*Yeah*, I know, six is like....balanced, but you three fucked it all up, like a big, weird lovey-dovey cerberus."

He doesn't want to *laugh* at Dustin, but that description is bizarre but weirdly accurate. He turns away and sees El is biting her lip, also trying not to laugh.

"Yeah," Dustin sighs sadly. "MikefuckingWheeler had to get all greedy, couldn't even leave me one datable party member."

"Me or El?" Will asks curiously, at the same time as Mike says, "Hey!"

There's no one in the hallway but the party, and it seems unlikely any teachers will appear, as they usually leave the school about as quickly as the students, so Mike takes the opportunity to sling an arm around Will, and pull him closer to his side. He does the same with El, on his other side.

"Just because I have an *incredible* amount of sex appeal, doesn't mean you can-" he says proudly, an arm around each of his most favourite people, but then El snorts and Will *laughs* at him, and Lucas and Max both roll their eyes in unison.

"Oh come on," Mike whines. "Clearly I do."

Will turns his head to be able to whisper in his ear, but the hallway is too silent for it to go unheard. "You really don't."

"Ha!" Dustin says, triumphant.

The rest of the party starts to laugh, and then Max changes the topic to their upcoming game, and they all start to walk to the main doors. Mike keeps his arms around both Will and El as they walk, knowing they'll separate a bit once they're outside, but enjoying the closeness until then.

It doesn't matter what Dustin thinks, or what they tease him about, because Mike knows it's not about sex appeal or whatever, it's honestly just plain luck. Mike Wheeler is the *luckiest* guy in the world.